Merry Dimimas

“Urrgh,” Ven groaned as he lazily set down another box of heavy Christmas decorations onto the cobblestone below. It was the holiday season, and for some reason he had decided to volunteer in helping decorate the town plaza. To be honest, Ven wasn’t really sure why he had decided to give up his time for this. Was it to give back to the community- or perhaps to take *pride* in the community? Well, one of those two he supposed.

Oh, and the free food given out to all volunteers.

Yeah, it was probably that one.

At this point in his tenure, he had stacked several of the heavy boxes in the town's central plaza, each one tightly packed with gaudy lights, tinsel, and other assorted Christmas novelties. A few of the other volunteers were bustling around, setting things up with varying levels of efficiency. The whole event seemed really poorly managed, as he hadn't gotten any real instruction since he arrived. So, with little else telling him to do otherwise, Ven started digging into the boxes to begin decorating. Over the next hour he strung up lights, arranged luminescent gifts, and hung artificial wreaths. It was fairly easy work, and it would've continued to be, were it not for a growing problem.

Snow.

As the sun began to fall in the horizon, so too did the snow. It had started as a light powder, but now the flurries were coming down much more rapidly, and were beginning to coat the town. On the one hand, it did make everything look much more winter-themed. On the other hand, it had made the outside feel downright *glacial*. Ven hadn't really prepared for the rapidly falling temperature, and was now feeling the full force of the biting air piercing through his insufficient jeans and hoodie combo.

This caused quite a conundrum. He lived on the outskirts of town, so if he went home to change he'd surely miss out on the after-setup banquet. But, if he stayed he'd probably freeze to death, or at the very least contract frostbite. As he shivered under a lamppost, wondering what his next move should be, he spotted something sitting atop one of the open boxes. He shuffled over to it, footsteps crunching in the ice underneath, and identified the object as a long blue scarf, emblazoned with golden star outlines down its length.

Was this part of the decorations; perhaps for the fake snowmen? Cautiously, Ven glanced around the plaza. It appeared no one was really paying him any attention, so… no one would mind if he 'borrowed' this scarf would they? Yeah, that seemed reasonable.

Before anyone could notice, he quickly wrapped the scarf around his neck, securing it snuggly. It was just a scarf, so it didn't totally warm him up, but still, he did feel much less cold than he had before. With his neck region sufficiently heated, Ven went back to work with a newfound vigor, he had to do his part to help after all. Up next on his decorating itinerary, Ven decided to set up one of the fake snowmen, although with all the snow falling around him he surely could've built a real one.

Picking up one of the spherical pieces, Ven was a bit shocked at how heavy it was. *Maybe it was made like that so it wouldn't fall over?* Mustering up his strength, Ven carried it over to an appropriate spot and found that as he went it got… lighter? Of course it wasn't changing in weight; in reality, Ven was becoming stronger. The scarf he had hastily put on wasn't just an

average piece of fabric, but one from a completely different era, and now it was setting out to make sure its owner matched. Unbeknownst to a distracted Ven, his muscles were now surging with a newfound power. As he placed the snowball into position, his previously undeveloped physique began to expand with muscle. His arms and hands began to grow; the fat in his arms getting largely replaced with firm muscle, evoking someone who actually worked out more than once in their lives.

Giving a quick stretch of the arms, Ven now moved on to the next snowman segment, now feeling like he could easily lift it with one hand, so he did. Hoisting it on top of the base, his shoulders now began to broaden a bit. However, he was paying these changes no mind, he *really* had to keep focused on his task, only pausing a bit to adjust his scarf more comfortably.

As Ven went to place the head on the snowman, the changes swept down his torso, bulking up his pectorals and giving him a set of abs that most would have to work rigorously to achieve. With a final bit of adjusting, the snowman was completed, looking dapper in his winter clothes. Speaking of clothes, Ven squirmed uncomfortably in his. No matter how he adjusted his hoodie, it always felt too tight for some reason, as he was completely ignorant to his new ripped physique.

Still, there was no time to worry about his oddly fitting attire, there was still so much work to be done! Over by one of the buildings a fully decorated tree had fallen over, with no one seeming to make any moves to fix it. Giving a huff at their lacking work ethic, Ven made his way over to help. As he crossed the plaza, each step filled his legs with previously unfound strength, causing them to build with muscle similar to his arms. Along with this they also stretched out slightly, increasing his overall height to around six feet. By the time he reached the felled tree, he now looked like a rather fit young man with rather ill fitting clothing, his jeans and hoodie looking a bit strained on his taller frame.

Well if no one else will right this tree I suppose I shall. Ven leant down to grab the tree, unaware that the over fourteen foot tall tree was very real and *very* heavy. Yet, to him and his newfound power, it felt as light as cheap plastic. With a bit of a heave and a grunt, Ven lifted the entire tree up, tilting it upright and back into place with little effort. Taking a step back to evaluate his work, he noted there were many ornaments displaced and a few lines of tinsel askew, but he would have to get someone else to make those repairs. He had never been good with delicate work after all.

Giving the area one final evaluation, he noticed most of the decorations had finally been set up properly, all the winter themed decor illuminated by the comforting glow from the nearby buildings and lampposts. As he admired the snow cloaked scenery, some final changes were setting in on his head. His neck widened a bit, giving his voice a new princely cadence, while his

jawline became sharper and strong. A few blinks ebbed away his brown eyes into a lighter blue color. And with a tousling of his hair, his longer brown locks faded into a brighter blonde, receding until he was left with a shorter, clean cut look, bangs dangling delicately around his eyes.

With a satisfied nod, *Dimitri* concluded that the area had been sufficiently decorated for Askr's Winter Festival. Yet, something still felt off to him… As if sensing this confusion, his clothes began to adjust to his new form. The tattered hoodie split apart into a festive red-gold coat with blue underneath, that now billowed past his waist. The still strained jeans adjusted themselves into equally red pants, now a perfect fit. Fur trimmed black boots replaced his sneakers, with them ending in a silver armor plating by his knees. Now, around the scarf that incited all of this; an armored chest plate grew from underneath it, and at last, to top it all off, a long flowing fur-trimmed cape descended from his back, with a bulky amount of black and white fur sitting atop his shoulders. Now he was properly dressed for the festival, perfectly befitting his status as a winter envoy.

With his attire properly sorted, Dimitri took a chance to admire himself in the reflection of a nearby window. He was never one to take great pride in his appearance, but he did have to admit he looked rather nice. This observation did give him the perfect idea for a final touch however. Reaching out a gloved hand, he picked a sprig off a nearby hollybush, and nestled it neatly into his hair. It wasn't quite his usual style of course, but if he was going to serve as the festival's envoy, he was going to give it his all in every department.

With that he decided to move on to his next task, finding appropriate presents for his fellow Blue Lions. He wasn't as confident in his gift-giving skills as he was with his combat abilities, but he wasn't about to let Claude and Edelgard get the upper hand on him that easily! Oh, and of course, not to let down his professors as well. So with a confident resolve, Dimitri strode out into the snowy winter night, eager to give the task ahead all he had.